

MiPo~Print

VOLUME 2, ISSUE 17 JUNE 22, 2003 ~ Poetry Delivered To Your Printer

under a lovely phlox



bury it in the garden, love

should it die a lingering, should it die a sudden
and bloody or villianous way, or is stolen

by another, a silver light-fingered theft of

affection, tucked away in the bra, or snug
in the hip pocket of an unknown rival,

someone unsuspected, someone who makes
the best cookies, or unclogs clogs.

It maims, it does

and leave a furrow
that cleaves the skull of the horizon.

Drabs and dribbles what's left behind.
All slant becomes suspect. The sun

saw the the whole damn thing coming

and glowed just as yellow
rollicked on the waters of our unsuspecting pond

not a ribbit from the frogs

not a peep of warning that death, real
or a million metaphors thereof, was hungry,

had devoured it, the scent of loss
still on its breath.

Coleen Shin

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Publisher Didi Menendez

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www.womenbeat.com

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Volume 2, Issue 17 ~Page 1

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The Rain Sounds Like Static



A Letter to Estlin

~ K.R. Copeland

dear
est est
lin
could we
have been be (are we
in love)
with sum
mer chap
eroning
every
touch
of lips

lips

lip
stick stone
alone
but for the shine
me
you yours mine
(ours) for half
a minute
milk
ing steam
for all its worth
be
lieve
we would
be
could have.

on the radio, or butter simmering
in a shallow pan before we add our pork,
teriyaki-dipped, into the heated fat.

My children, too, have that look of golden brown,
of rice mixed with shoyu,
but they drown out the rain's sound with their own.

Picking up the phone, I place my call
to the pharmacist. Seen from memory
as we talk - white coat, white hair,

the face of grandfather, calm
as the rain sounds. Yes, the approval
is in, the prescription filled.

I give my thanks. The rain pauses,
The tv volume gets louder. My children
try to make themselves heard.

Tomorrow, it will rain in the morning,
but die off in the afternoon. Tomorrow
morning my daughter starts her new medicine,

and in the afternoon we'll discover
what's to become of her. The only thing
for it, they say. Such a difference -

you'll see. You must trust your doctors.
I grab keys for a trip to the store.
It's raining again. My face is wet,

as wet as the concrete and asphalt.
I hear how the rain must sound to itself
in the absence of children.

Donna Kuhn

sand dunes

las vegas can feel its skin
i can't sno doll yr trees
scan my hissy fit, skillet girl
cnn is acting like mermaids
bird of his head, u don't need her
when my stars are in the harbor
be an expert at its fizziest
skillet girl, hang up
for more information,
who beats pillows?
doll, yr trees fit like mermaids
yr heart was driving too fast
i said i don't believe birds go home
i feel yr biting skeleton eyes
the woman squeezed mind bones into her ocean
the moon thinks stars are a party
i want to categorize snow
i feel yr biting birds go home
i don't want yr dance shoes
hi sweetie, why does the moon haul garbage?
i said who's in control of the sand dunes
i said i felt like a puppet of sand dunes



Sleight-Of-Hand

~Sharon Rothenfluch Cooper

Orange-peel colors
slash a tattered moon,
streak wisps of fog,
soon spied, when scarecrows
rise to heckle witches in flight.

My wizard's wand
pushes the tangerine globe
back in its orbit before
it tumbles on my men-of-straw,
disturbs sorcerers in their travels,
then rolls down the road
leaving a trail of pumpkin seeds
reflected in its wake.

I fall spellbound each season
when oblique rays poke
peek-holes in the mist.
The eerie glow turns
heaven's arch into an ocean
of teal, then fades to indigo.

